Passion from the mouthpiece all the way to the back row

By Alan Back
Living at a 15-degree tilt

Spend five minutes, or even five seconds, talking with trumpeter Arturo Sandoval and you get an idea of just how dedicated he is to his art. Whether working as a recording artist, composer, professor, or amateur actor, Sandoval is full well where his inspiration comes from and does everything in his power to pass that spark along to anyone who will listen.

It’s been nearly four decades since he first picked up a horn, decades that have seen him leave behind one successful career and begin another in a new country. The story shows no signs of ending soon though, and fans all over the world are glad for it.

Born on the outskirts of Havana, Cuba, in 1949, Sandoval began studying classical trumpet at the age of 12, and his early experience included a three-year enrollment at the Cuba National School of the Arts. However, jazz would prove to be a stronger calling, and in 1973 he helped start what would ultimately become Irakere, a band that won permission to leave its country. Fleeing to America in 1978, Sandoval eventually became a longtime collaborator with Dizzy Gillespie, expanding his musical versatility and range.

“I don’t have to ask permission to anybody to do what I have to do.”

Arturo Sandoval
Jazz Trumpeter

MPAA Rating: R
Starring: Jet Li, Ian Chant
Washington, Russel Wong, Delroy Lindo, Frédérick Chau
Director: Andrezej Bartkowski
Studio: Warner Brothers
Running Time: 120 minutes
Rating: ★★★★

*Romantic Must Die* is the latest retelling of Shakespeare’s *Romeo and Juliet*, with enough changes to avoid offending any English professors. As tensions grow between the Chinese and African-American gangs in Oakland, the younger son of the Chinese gang leader is killed, and the elder son (Han, played by Jet Li) arrives from China to find the culprit. Soon Han is caught in the middle of things, and becomes a target for both sides.

Jet Li will be familiar to American fans who recognize him as the martial arts dynamo who beat the hell out of Mel Gibson in *Lethal Weapon 4*. Before his American debut, Li had starred in nearly 30 action movies in China, including the popular *Once Upon a Time in China*, and *Fist of Legend*. If you have seen Jet Li fight, you know that he can move very fast on screen, without a sense of humor. If you haven’t seen Jet Li fight, then you should.

One of the producers of *Romeo Must Die* is Joel Silver, who has a double-handful of producer’s credits under his belt for movies such as *The Matrix*, and many of the Die Hard, *Lethal Weapon* and Predator films. I put *The Matrix* first because the fights in this movie will no doubt remind you of the high-flying bouts in the previous films. In fact, the characters spend as much time flying through the air as kickboxing as they cannot without the benefit of living in the computer generated world of *The Matrix*. Obviously, this is a light-driven movie, and it brings a lot of new flavor to the martial arts genre. Look for some innovative computer effects, unusual fight locales, great improvised weapons (including the occasional person being slice around), and blinding speed.

Having established that *Romeo Must Die* is a great action movie, let’s look at where it falls short. The acting isn’t bad, but that’s because there is very little of it going on. The characters are fairly shallow stereotypes, with straightforward goals and motivations. After seeing Delroy Lindo shine in *The Color of Light Rules*, I would have expected him to put a bit more into his character, the leader of the black gang. Instead, the character turns out to just another gangster trying to make good, but instead tripping over his own pride.

The other problem with the film is the rather thin plot. Perhaps they should have stuck more closely with Shakespeare’s version—after that they would have had an excuse for not being original. As Han searches for his brother’s murderer, he stumbles upon a subplot involving the use of scare tactics by the gangs to acquire real estate. He also becomes involved with the daughter (Aaliyah) of the leader of the black gang. Whether there is romance between the Romeo and Juliet characters is never quite clear. They seem to get along pretty well, and some romantic tension was probably intended, but just never seems to happen.

Of course, all these bad things I just told you about the movie are completely irrelevant. *Romeo Must Die* is a masterful action movie. As any good action fan knows, plot, characterization and acting all take a back seat to a great fight scene. There are even a few guns, as well as a great car chase. This is one you must see on the big screen.

Can’t beat these ‘Blues’

By John Parmter and Nick Kelling
The original Blues Brothers

What do the Blues have to do with St. Patty’s day? Well, nothing, but those who escaped the hangover bite of the Irish holiday and caught *Blues Night Out* last Saturday evening were privy to some incredible music. The show at the Robert Ferst Theatre was a collage of blues ranging from the classic Mississippi delta blues to the fusion of soul and blues emerging out of Memphis, Tennessee. John Hammond, Charlie Musselwhite and Booker T. Jones hammered out a solid three and a half hours of pure American blues.

John Hammond opened the show with an enthusiastic performance. With a mixture of slow Delta blues and honky-tonk slide guitar and harmonica, Hammond’s wailing was reminiscent of the legendary Robert Johnson. Charlie Musselwhite followed up with a heavily harmonica-based sound. Accompanying Musselwhite’s harmonica and voice were a piano player that got hearts racing, and a guitarist that shook the soul of everyone listening.

Blues classics touched up with a guitarist that could both passionately bend out the notes like B.B. and rip into an out all rock-and-roll sound made for a lethal combo. Charlie Musselwhite, with his sound and demeanor would make the likes of B.B. King and Muddy Waters proud to be associated with the blues. Musselwhite, a true blues master, was backed by a great band that was capable of interpreting classic delta blues with a unique rock sound.

See Blues, page 20

‘Romeo’ full of fast, furious fights

By Will Raiman

*Romeo*

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Director: Andrezej Bartkowski
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Running Time: 120 minutes
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Even without a boost from radio play, Sandoval has a respectable stack of laurels to rest on—if he ever does rest, that is. In his professional career, he has received 13 Grammy nominations and won four times, including honors for his work with Irakere and the United Nation Orchestra. His most recent win was for the 1998 album *Hot House*, which scored in the Best Latin Jazz Performance category, and came on the heels of the granting of his second petition for American citizenship. (An earlier application was denied.)

To celebrate his status as a full-fledged U.S. citizen, he combed through the annals of contemporary pop and picked 11 of his favorites to make over in his own style. The result, last year’s *Americana*, shows off a more subdued, lyrical side of his sound as he plays songs made famous by artists such as Janet Jackson, Sting, and Roberta Flack.

Other artists might have worried that fans would see such a project as an act of selling out—a cradling artistic inspiration for commercial success—but not Sandoval. For him, the music comes first. “People and critics in general are always going to have something to say, which is okay. I respect your opinion, but when you have yours, I’m going to have mine as well. Mine is, whatever I like that sounds good to me, I have to record it. And if I record it, that means I like it… I don’t have to ask permission to anybody to do what I have to,” he explained.

This lifelong drive to find the best music within himself and others has paid off handsomely. He has to his credit a string of well-received Latin jazz albums, three straight years’ honors as Cuba’s top instrumentalist (1982-84), classical performances all over the world (including a recent trumpet concerto recording with John Williams), and countless engagements as a lecturer and educator.

When not on the road, he holds a professorship at Florida International University in Miami, giving private lessons and leading classes and rehearsals. Having a top-caliber jazz performer as an instructor is bound to put stars in a few students’ eyes, but in Sandoval’s opinion, dedication is the key to bridging the gap between them and himself. “It depends on the student and how much you respect what you’re teaching, how much you value that,” he stated. “If you do it for a student—in one hour of class, the span of 40 years, trying to survive in the business—not everybody will have the concepts to respect that… And I believe it depends also on how much love you have for the music itself. I think that’s very important too; when you really love the music, you’re going to respect everything a little bit more in general.”

Student praise, awards, and critical acclaim are all well and good, but when your life story gets picked up and made into a movie, you know you’ve truly arrived—and now Sandoval has. Andy Garcia, himself

“Tonight it’s for sex. Tomorrow it’s for real.”

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“[Dizzy Gillespie] helped me so much…It’s an honor and a privilege to meet your hero and become good friends with him.”

Arturo Sandoval, on his famous mentor

See Sandoval, page 20
‘King of the Road’ is a fitting title

By Jonathan Purvis
Entertainment Staff

Artist: Fu Manchu
Album: King of the Road
Studio: Mammoth Records
Genre: Rock
Rating: ★★★★★

Fu Manchu’s latest, King of the Road, is quite possibly the best soundtrack for driving ever made. Every song on the album revolves around the road, with titles such as “Hell on Wheels,” “Boogie Van,” and “Drive.” My appreciation for the music up as loud as it goes. Your hand out the window and blaring the music hard. Each following song is good, although I have not heard the original. It would have been interesting to hear their take on “Slowride,” another great driving song.

The guitar is the standout of the album—each song has a unique sounding riff that sticks in your head. Fu Manchu has some of the best guitar solos ever written, each one slipping in at key points in the song. The best on the album is probably “No Dice,” a song inspired by Jeff Spicoli from Fast Times at Ridgemont High. The solo holds the feel of the song, rather than just being the guitarist’s turn to show off. The singing of Scott Hill could be the only drawback. I personally like his voice, but some of my friends that accompanied me for the test drive did not.

The album starts with “Hell on Wheels,” a song that really sets the tempo. Hill chants “Hell on wheels / is no big deal” as the guitar drives hard. Each following song is good, following the Fu Manchu template set by their other albums. My personal favorite is “No Dice.” It starts with another great riff, and lead guitarist Bob Balch is pretty much playing his own thing. The best display of his amazing talents on the album is probably “No Dice,” a song inspired by Jeff Spicoli from Fast Times at Ridgemont High. The solo holds the feel of the song, rather than just being the guitarist’s turn to show off. The singing of Scott Hill could be the only drawback. I personally like his voice, but some of my friends that accompanied me for the test drive did not.

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Fu Manchu made another step up with this album. The CD was produced, engineered, and mixed by Joe Barresi, the man who also produced, engineered, and mixed Foghat’s “Slowride.” “We thought of Scott Hill could be the only drawback. I personally like his voice, but some of my friends that accompanied me for the test drive did not.

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THE TECHNIQUE

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Technique.

It’s better than [milk].

“What, about how he kept stealing the sheets?” —Chris
‘Giants’ represents return of Oasis

By Michael Epstein

Bigger than Oasis

Artist: Oasis
Album: Standing on the Shoulder of Giants
Studio: Sony/Epic
Tracks: 10
Running Time: 47:51
Genre: Rock
Rating: ★★★★☆

When Oasis burst onto the scene back in 1994 with Definitely Maybe, they started a new revolution of Brit Rock. And while the music listener seems to have a “love them or hate them” attitude towards Oasis, it is difficult to deny they have made an impact on music. Many times they have even been compared to the Beatles, parallels that are not entirely crazy, as Noel Gallagher has said on numerous occasions that he is a big fan, and imitates them (see: the “Imagine” riff at the beginning of Don’t Look Back in Anger).

After Definitely Maybe, Oasis always seemed to have some sort of trouble. Their second album, What’s the Story, Morning Glory, was an immense success, but the band was heavily into drugs and alcohol at the time. The same was true for the third album, Be Here Now, which Noel Gallagher feels was a horrible album for the group. The band went through plenty of strife such as quar rels between the Gallagher brothers, the aforementioned drug abuse, and even the disappearance of Liam. This all culminated in bassist, Paul “Guigoy” McGuigan, and guitarist Paul “Bonehead” Arthurs departing from the band.

You probably think this would have finished Oasis off, but it actually served as more of a wake-up call to Noel. For Oasis’ latest effort, Noel has kept Liam away from the bottle, so as not to detract from the music. Additionally, Noel brought in a new rhythm guitarist, Gem, and a new bassist, Andy Bell. Because these changes, Noel considers the Standing on the Shoulder of Giants to be a transitional, and it pretty much sounds like one.

The album screams for your attention with its first track, “Fuckin’ in the Bushes.” This is an instrument that sounds not unlike the some of the Beatles’ jam sessions that can be heard on the Beatles Anthology. It leads quite well into the second track, “Go Let It Out,” which already appears to be the album’s anchor. “Go Let It Out” sounds like classic Oasis. It has Noel’s trademark guitar as well the customary keyboards. It is a great song, and if you didn’t know two members had been changed, the music wouldn’t tell you.

Unfortunately, the album slacks off after the second track. The third track, “Who Feels Love?” is a lazy yet entertaining ballad with Liam’s whining vocals, and it really sets the pace for the rest of the album as slow and transitional. While there are some rock ballads, most of the songs are slow and contemplative. There are some songs worth mentioning though. Track 5, “Little James,” is the first track ever written by Liam Gallagher (until now Noel had done all the penning). The song is written for his son and sounds a lot like a children’s rock song with goofy lyrics to match. There are two other tracks really mention on Standing on the Shoulder of Giants—“Where Did It Go Wrong?” and “Sunday Morning Call.” I don’t know what happened to Noel. Perhaps he took some singing lessons between albums, because he sounds absolutely fabulous singing these two slow songs.

Perhaps Noel [Gallagher] took some singing lessons between albums, because he sounds absolutely fabulous singing these two slow songs.

Standing on the Shoulder of Giants

“Who Feels Love?”

“Little James”

“When Did It Go Wrong?”

“Sunday Morning Call”

‘Passenger’ misses the mark

By Jon Kaye

Surprising the editor with stories

Artist: Tara MacLean
Title: Passenger
Label: Capitol Records
Tracks: 12 + 1 hidden
Running Time: 54:30
Genre: Rock
Rating: ★★★★☆

When you open the liner notes of Tara MacLean’s first American release, Passenger, you are greeted with a passage of Pablo Neruda’s Dela Del Carril. Neruda’s main appeal is the sense of pseudo-artistic egoism that his readers gain, and this slice lends itself beautifully to MacLean’s album in that her performance exacerbates the latent-sipping, all-black-wearing mentality that has come to characterize Canadian female pop of late. It is as though this disc were recorded with no loftier purpose than pandering to indie rock zealots.

This is not to say that Ms. MacLean lacks talent. Her impressive vocal range combined with her inspired lyrics illustrates her skill as a singer/songwriter. Well-chosen programming and guitar provide a solid base to support her angelic voice. Yet this album hardly represents her skill; instead, it seems MacLean is trying to find a quick ticket to fame by cloning the style Jewel used on her second album. Passenger, strongly reminiscent of Jewel’s Spirit, illustrates the artist’s talent and willingness to share her inner feelings. Passenger has its downsides—rather than providing a brilliant musical experience, the album forges any unique attempts at melody, and lose the listener a fog of melodrama.

While the majority of songs on Passenger represent MacLean’s formulaic attempts to gain respect in independent rock circles, two notable exceptions make this album a worthy release. “Divided,” unquestionably this album’s most intriguing track, combines confidant lyrics with assertive percussion and skillfully played bass. This innovative cut takes a critical look at a world MacLean perceives as apathetic.

Also deserving high praise is the bonus track. With this core, MacLean truly flexes her musical wings. Combining bold percussion with her dynamic voice, she closes the album on a note of excitement.

Tara MacLean undoubtedly has a gift for performance, and her silky voice and lyrical mas terstand testament to her talent. Nonetheless, this album falls significantly short of greatness. Instead of freeing herself creatively, she chains herself to the Lilith Fair paradigm all too common among young female soloists. If MacLean decides to just be an artist instead of trying to act like one, she will be spectacular.

Happy Birthday to me, Happy Birthday to Sarah, Happy Birthday to me. (22 on March 26, thank you.)
Consider yourselves lucky for going to Georgia Tech. I can sense the meaning already—you probably think that the administration is paying off the Two Bits Man to say that. Not so. The reason that we are lucky to go to Tech is that we can concoct spiffy alternatives to fight the rising gasoline prices. Whereas Average Joe has to spend twenty-two bucks to fuel his Geo for a week, you can rest assured that your twenty-two bucks can go to something much more resourceful, like world peace or storing a collection of toast.

Now I’m sure that most of my regular readers (The Two Bits Consortium to Conquer the Uncivilized Universe) have already started stocking up on their toast with the money that they’re saving on gasoline, but just in case you’re one of the few non-wily people still wasting their money on gasoline, I’ll give you a few tips to cut your energy bill.

To begin with, you could cut holes in the floor of your car. Come on folks, did the Flintstones teach us nothing? Just five minutes with an oxy-acetylene torch, and your car will have that Jurassic flair that makes all the stone-age gals turn their eyes that they’re saving on gasoline, but just in case you’re one of the few non-wily people still wasting their money on gasoline, I’ll give you a few tips to cut your energy bill.

To begin with, you could cut holes in the floor of your car. Come on folks, did the Flintstones teach us nothing? Just five minutes with an oxy-acetylene torch, and your car will have that Jurassic flair that makes all the stone-age gals turn their heads. Not to mention, you may reach a whopping five miles per hour. Admittedly, some of you small-town folk may be dissatisfied with that speed, but in Atlanta rush hour, we refer to five miles per hour as “really truckin’.” That’s right folks: wow the other motorists as you go sailing by them in the HOV lane in your foot powered car. Not only will you stop paying those annoying oil companies, but you can easily convince them with your wily charms. Most notably, use the Guinness Book of World Records as your catalyst. People will do anything to have their mug in that bloody book. It’s easy!

Two Bits Man: Howdy, I’m trying to set a world record for having been carried the farthest in an ergonomic office chair by four other people...Oh, and by the way, I don’t have an ergonomic office chair. Could you please step by Office Depot on the way?

Random Noodlehead on the Street: Oh my god! We’ve always wanted to be in Guinness! I will round up three friends and carry you.

Two Bits Man: Good. I need to make it to Tennessee by 9:30.

Not only do I get a fuel-free ride to Tennessee, but I also get a spiffy ergonomic office chair that will make using the computer much more comfortable while I’m churning out the Nique articles. After you set the record being carried in an office chair, feel free to use other objects. You can set records being carried on or in a sleigh, a gigantic coffee mug (a la an amusement park), a suitcase, or a box of Rice Krispies. It’s easy, it’s fun, and you meet interesting people along the way.

To me, being carried is definitely a superior form of transit. How else can you feel so regal as you move along the street? The only drawback is that it is quite slow. With that in mind, you should steal (Did I say that? I meant politely request...) an already fueled car. This technique is fast, effective, and legal when done properly. Start off by hitchhiking. When a friendly (read: not a motorist) pulls up get in the car, feel free to use other objects. You can set records being carried on or in a sleigh, a gigantic coffee mug (a la an amusement park), a suitcase, or a box of Rice Krispies. It’s easy, it’s fun, and you meet interesting people along the way.

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